

Poetry.
SOME DAY.

I.
While the crafty politician and the priest,
To the simple congregations they have fleeced,
When asked to show a better way,
When the poor shall never want for anything,
When the lion to the lamb a truce shall bring,
Always answer, "Yes, Some Day."

II.
Will the weary ever find a resting place,
Will the mourners ever wear a smiling face,
Is there then a better way,
Will the greedy ever cease to rob the weak,
Will the crafty ever cease to cheat the meek?
Always answer, "Yes, Some Day."

III.
Will the hungry have abundance then to eat,
Will the future find protection for their feet,
Will they not some better way,
Will the workers get the products of their toil,
Will the landlords let the needy use the soil?
Always answer, "Yes, Some Day."

IV.
Will the lusty share the burdens of the frail,
Will the gifted aid the stupid when they fail,
Will they try the better way,
Will the women stand an equal chance with the men,
Will the sword scumbl in silence to the pen?
Always answer, "Yes, Some Day."

V.
Will the politicians promise and perform,
Will the office-holder public deeds reform,
Will they stand the better way,
Will the preachers higher salaries refuse,
Will they cure the rich and freely fill the pews?
Always answer, "Yes, Some Day."

VI.
Will courts establish justice on the land,
Will the Greeks discard the present from the hand,
Will they like this better way,
Will justice find no heaven on the earth,
Will temperance be strangled in its birth?
Always answer, "Yes, Some Day."

VII.
Will the press the people's holy right maintain,
Will it be unswayed by influence or gain,
Will it hold the better way,
Will it print both sides with candor and refuse
To the underdog with violence abuse?
Always answer, "Yes, Some Day."

VIII.
Do you want to see the dawning of that day,
Will you act or be content to simply pray,
Are you for the better way?
Then protest against this traitorous delay,
Break away the preliminary things you say,
Be patient, wait; 'twill come Some Day."
—Dr. A. S. Houghton, in National Economist.

HOUSEHOLD.

TOMATOES WITH BREAD CRUMBS.
Scald the tomatoes to peel them; put in stew pan with good piece of butter, some pepper and salt; add some bread crumbs, and stew half an hour.

BOILED ASPARAGUS ON TOAST.
Cut off the white hard ends of the sprouts and wash lightly. Then tie in bundles of six each and drop them into boiling water sufficient to cover. Boil about twenty minutes or until tender then cut and remove the strings. Have some toast on a platter and carefully place them on the toast lengthwise. Mill gravy may be used as a dressing.

VEAL STOCK.
Six pounds knuckle of veal, four quarts cold water, one tablespoon salt, six peppercorns, celery root or one half teaspoon celery seed, one onion. Wipe the veal, cut the meat fine and break the bones. Put it into the kettle with the cold water. Skim as it boils, and when clear add the seasoning. Simmer until the bones are clean and the liquor reduced one-half. Strain, and when cool remove the fat. Use it for white or delicate soups.

CHOCOLATE LOAF CAKE.
Grate one-half a cake of Baker's chocolate and mix it with one half a cup of milk and the yolk of one egg. Put it on the back part of the stove to dissolve and heat thoroughly warmed, set it off to cool while preparing the cake. Take two eggs, the yolk of one having been used, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little water. Add the chocolate and flour enough to make a thin batter that will pour smooth. Bake carefully.

PUFF PASTE.
To each pound of flour allow a pound of butter, use half of the butter with the flour, and cold water enough to mold it, roll it out quite thin and put on half the butter that remains in small bits, dredge this with flour, roll it out again, thin, put on the rest of the butter and roll up as before, repeat this until the butter is all used. It must be done quickly; be careful not to handle it any more than you can help. Put in a cool place until you are ready to use it.

LOBSTER SALAD.
One large lobster. Three tablespoonfuls of French mustard or two dessert-spoonfuls of common mixed mustard, one gill and a half of vinegar, one gill and a half of sweet oil, the yolks of five hard-boiled eggs, salt to the taste, a small teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, the inside leaves of two heads, a cabbage lettuce. Cut the meat and lettuce in small pieces. Boil the eggs hard, mash the yolks with a wooden or silver spoon, and oil enough to make them to a smooth paste, then add the vinegar, mustard, pepper and salt to taste. Mix this dressing thoroughly with the lobster and lettuce and serve it before the salad becomes wilted.

PART OF HIS DUTIES.

Visitor (in a newspaper office)—Who is the little man at yonder desk?
Attendant—That is the religious editor.

"Does he do nothing but write religious matter?"

"Oh! yes; he writes the tips for races every day."—Truth.

The people's champion. What is? Why, THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER, and it's only 40 cents through the campaign.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.

"Pa, you are a Republican, aren't you?"
"Yes, my son."

"Uncle John is a Democrat, isn't he?"
"Yes."

"Your interests are just the same, aren't they, pa?"

"Yes."

"It is your duty to work in your own interests, isn't it, pa?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it just as much a duty to vote in your own interests, pa?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you do it then, pa?"

"I do, but your Uncle John is so full of prejudice that he can't see his own interests."

"You know Smith and Jones, the bankers, don't you; one a Democrat and the other a Republican?"

"Yes, and to my sorrow."

"Are they smart, pa?"

"Yes, indeed, they are. They are the shrewdest financiers in this country."

"They are rich, pa?"

"Yes, worth a quarter of a million apiece."

"How did they get rich, pa?"

"By loaning money mostly; they had some money to start on, of course, made as contractors during the war."

"Do you suppose they work in their own interests, pa?"

"If they don't I never saw anybody that did."

"Why do they work in their own interests, pa?"

"Why, anybody is a fool that don't."

"Do you suppose that they vote in their own interests, pa?"

"Why! Yes, of course, they do."

"How can they vote in their own interests when one votes the Democratic ticket and the other the Republican?"

"Oh, I mean the Democrat votes in his own interest. No! No! I mean the Republican votes in his own interest, and—ah, you see—My son, you go to chopping wood, or I'll—"

"Say, pa, you mean that the Republicans championed the national banks, and are responsible for their existence, and that the Democrats opposed the passage of the national banking act, and as they are good institutions the Republican banker would be voting in his own interest by voting the Republican ticket?"

"Yes, exactly so; my son."

"Didn't you say, pa, that it is just as much a duty to vote in one's own interest as to work?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you say that the bankers were both as sharp and shrewd as they could be?"

"Yes."

"Would a banker be very sharp and shrewd who voted against his own interest?"

"No, indeed."

"Then is the Democratic banker voting in his own interests when he votes against his Republican partner?"

"Yes! No! I guess; you see— See here, if you don't go to cutting wood, I'll blister you!"

(Exit boy, cuts a few sticks, then goes in.)

"Say, pa, you're in debt, aren't you?"

"Yes; a thousand dollars."

"How much interest do you pay?"

"Ninety dollars a year."

"I thought it was illegal to take more than eight per cent. interest, pa?"

"It is; but the banks evade the law by loaning on sixty and ninety days, and make you pay in advance, so it costs about nine per cent."

"Pa, isn't the interest high?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it to your interest to have money plenty and interest low?"

"Yes, my son, it is."

"Then, aren't your interests, as far as money is concerned, just the opposite to each other?"

"Yes, my son; it does look so."

"Would you work in their interests and against your own?"

"No, not by considerable."

"Then why do you vote in their interests?"

"Why! Why! I don't see how I can help voting with one of them, as one is a Republican and the other is a Democrat."

"Yes you can, pa, you can vote against both of them by voting the People's ticket."

"What and vote against the grand old party?"

"Yes, pa, against the party that lends the people's money at 1 per cent. to lend to lend to you at 9 per cent., as you say. Vote against the party that favors lawyers, railroads manufacturers, alien landlords, bondholders, trusts, combines and monopolies, as against producers and laboring men."

"If Republicans are guilty of all these wrongs, why not vote the Democratic ticket which opposes these things?"

"Didn't you tell me that the Democratic banker was sharp and shrewd

enough to work and vote in his own interest?"

"Yes."

"Well, then he is voting in his own interest when he votes the Democratic ticket, and so are all the thousands of other rich Democrats who are bankers, lawyers, manufacturers, bond holders, etc."

"The interests of all the rich men are the same, and they can best serve their own interests by getting in as leaders of both parties. You see, if all the rich men should go into one party, that would open the people's eyes mighty quick, and having hundreds of votes to the rich party's one, they would soon vote them out of power."

"No, pa, the rich, as you say, are sharp and shrewd, and they know that the only way they can keep all they have and get more, is to seemingly oppose each other. By so doing they get themselves elected to office where they can make just such laws as they need."

"Wouldn't the People's party be just as bad?"

"No, pa, it is composed of poor men like yourself, who simply demand justice, and a fair share of the wealth they create. And, pa, the People's party is pitted against the plutocratic party, and sure as there is a God of justice, it is bound to prevail. It is—"

"Come to my arms, my son, I can see now how blind I have been. I'll vote against the g. o. p. or burst a—"

Tableaux.—Lucius A. Stockwell, in Non-Conformist.

ADVICE TO THE ENGAGED.

TO THE MAN.

If you think that a woman is any weaker minded than a man, stop where you are.

If you have chosen a pretty woman, without regard to her other qualities, halt! you are on the wrong road.

If you think that a house should have only one head, and that head be yours, postpone your wedding indefinitely.

If you have an idea that you are too good for a picked up dinner remain a bachelor.

If you are of the opinion that marriage makes man and wife one and that you are to be that one, send in your regrets at once.

If you intend to treat yourself any better than you treat your wife, don't take one.

If you have found it a hard task to be happy yourself, don't try to make any one else happy.

If you suppose that running the house consists in paying the bills, don't undertake it.

If you are one of those men who think 10 per cent. of their income belongs to the tap-room, in heaven's name let marriage alone.

If you incline to the opinion that any manners are good enough for home manners, don't try to have a home.

If you are marrying her for her figure, it would be wise on your part to watch her diet very closely.

TO THE WOMAN.

If you are going to marry a man for his looks, you mustn't be surprised when he gives you black ones.

If you are marrying for money only, you must only expect to get what money can buy.

If you only contemplate taking a husband in order to gain a greater freedom, don't be surprised if he should profit by your example.

If you are going into the thing blindly, don't hold up your hands in holy horror when you get your eyes opened.

If you are marrying a man to reform him, it behooves you to exercise all the zeal and patience of the reformer.

If you have an idea that a cook book and an allowance can make a happy home, you should get yourself to a nunnery with all convenient speed.

If you are extremely fond of dancing, you would do well to marry a dancing-master.

If you expect that God will bless your home because you put that sentiment in yellow worsted and an oak frame, you are doomed to disappointment.

If you don't feel that you are qualified to be a poor man's wife, don't marry a rich one.

If you are fond of dress and show and empty parade, and take pleasure in the frivolities of life, don't marry a man at all; merely marry something that will pass for a man.

If you have an idea that married life is any easier than it was in your mother's time, because you can live in a boarding-house and put your washing out, don't try it.

If you have been engaged three times before this, you had better wait six months; perhaps this engagement may be followed by still another.—Young Ladies' Bazar.

The Progressive Farmer from now until Nov. 15th for Forty Cents Make up your Clubs.

WAS BETRAYED!

How Congress Was Induced to Demonetize Silver—Sworn Statement Made.

[Special to the Globe-Democrat.]

DENVER, COLO., May 12.—Mr. Frederick A. Luckenbach is a citizen of Denver and is well and favorably known by many of Colorado's leading business men. He has been engaged for two years past introducing his pneumatic pulverizer, and has met with flattering success. It having come to the ears of Mr. M. H. Slater, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the State Silver League, that Mr. Luckenbach possessed the startling information contained in the following affidavit, that energetic gentlemen waited upon him and induced him to put the whole story in explicit form and give it to the public. This Mr. Luckenbach did, and the result is the affidavit published below:

STATE OF COLORADO, ss
County of Arapahoe, ss

Frederick A. Luckenbach, being first sworn, on oath deposes and says:

"I am 62 years of age. I was born in Bucks county, Pa. I removed to the City of Philadelphia in the year of 1846, and continued to reside there until 1866, when I removed to the City of New York. In Philadelphia I was in the furniture business. In New York I branched into machinery and inventions, and am the patentee of Luckenbach's pneumatic pulverizer, which machines are now in use generally in the eastern part of the United States and in Europe. I now reside in Denver, having removed from New York two years ago. I am well known in New York. I have been a member of the Produce Exchange and am well acquainted with many members of that body. I am well known by Mr. Erastus Wiman. In the year of 1865 I visited London, England, for the purpose of placing there Pennsylvania oil properties in which I was interested. I took with me letters of introduction to many gentlemen in London, among them one to Mr. Earnest Seyd, from Robert M. Foust, ex-Treasurer of Philadelphia. I became well acquainted with Mr. Seyd and with his brother, Richard Seyd, who, I understand, is yet living. I visited London thereafter every year, and each visit renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Seyd, and upon each occasion became his guest, one or more times joining his family at dinner or other meals. In February, 1874, while on one of these visits and while his guest at dinner, I, among other things, alluded to rumors afloat of Parliamentary corruption and expressed astonishment that such corruption should exist. In reply to this, he told me he could relate facts about corruption of the American Congress that would place it far ahead of the English Parliament at that line.

So far the conversation was at the dinner table between us. His brother Richard and others were there also, but this was table talk between Mr. Earnest Seyd and myself. After the dinner ended he invited me to another room where he resumed the conversation about legislative corruption. He said "If you will pledge me your honor as a gentleman not to divulge what I am about to tell you while I live, I will convince you that what I said about the corruption of the American Congress is true." I gave him my promise, and he then continued: "I went to America in the winter of 1872, authorized to secure, if I could, the passage of a bill demonetizing silver. It was to the interests of those whom I represent—the Governors of the Bank of England—to have it done. I took with me \$100,000, with instructions if that was not sufficient to accomplish the object, to draw for another \$100,000 or as much more as was necessary." He told me German bankers were also interested in having it accomplished. He said he was the financial adviser of the bank. He said: "I saw the committees of the House and Senate and paid the money and staid in America, until I knew the measure was safe."

I asked if he would give the names of the members to whom he paid the money, but this he declined to do. He said: "Your people will not now comprehend the far-reaching extent of that measure, but they will in after years. Whatever you may think of corruption in the English parliament, I assure you I would not have dared to make such an attempt here as I did in your country."

I expressed my shame to him for my countrymen in our legislative bodies. The conversation drifted into other subjects, and after that, though I met him many times, the matter was never again referred to.

[Signed.]
FREDERICK A. LUCKENBACH.

Subscribed and sworn to before me at Denver this 9th day of May, A. D., 1892

[Signed.] JAMES A. MILLER,
Clerk Supreme Court, State of Colorado.

AN INCORRIGIBLE PARROT.

It Acquired a Language That Was Distasteful to Its Owner.

An old maiden lady, who strongly objected to "followers," had as a companion a gray parrot with a wonderful faculty for picking up sentences. One day the old lady had cause to severely reprimand one of her maids for a breach of the "follower" ordinance. This so irritated the girl that as a windup to the recital of her wrongs, in hearing of her fellow servants and Polly, who happened to be with them, she exclaimed passionately, "I wish the old lady was dead." The parrot lost no time in showing off its newly acquired knowledge when next taken into the drawing room, to the alarm of its elderly mistress, who superstitiously thought it was a warning from another world.

She at once consulted the vicar, who kindly volunteered to allow his own parrot which could almost preach a short sermon, sing psalms, &c., to be kept a short time with the impious one in order to correct its language. To this end they were kept together in a small room for a few days, when the lady paid them a visit in company with her spiritual adviser. To their intense horror, immediately the door was opened the lady's parrot saluted them with the ominous phrase, "I wish the old lady was dead!" the vicar's bird responding, with all the solemnity of an old parish clerk, "The Lord hear our prayer."

DIDN'T WANT A PONY.

Small Boy—Papa, Winker's got a pony.

Papa—Has?

"Yes, and it's the bee utafulist pony I ever saw."

"You don't say!"

"Just as gentle as can be. I rode on it, an' didn't fall off once. A boy couldn't get hurt on that pony."

"I suppose not."

"It eats hardly anything, too, and doesn't cost much to keep."

"It doesn't?"

"No, nothing, hardly. Willie said his papa bought it real cheap."

"No doubt."

And he said there was plenty more where that came from."

"Humph! Do you want me to buy you a pony?"

"No. I was only thinkin' what a nice pony Willie Winkers has."

"Oh!"

"Yes, Willie's got a nice papa, too, hasn't he?"—Good News.

HIS FIRST SLEEPING-CAR.

The Young Briton Had Rather an Embarrassing Experience.

He was a stockily built young Britisher, and this was his first visit to America. His home is Yorkshire and his English brogue could be cut up in chunks as slippery and infinitesimal as your summer ice.

"I struck my first sleeping-car on the night of my arrival in Canada," he said. "It was the first time I was ever in an American sleeping car, though I had heard of them. To my surprise there was no seats visible. These mysterious curtains hung on both sides of a narrow aisle and the lights were turned down low. I knew then that people were sleeping behind those curtains, for I distinctly heard a snore. I had no idea where my bed was, don't you know, and as for rummaging along in an indiscriminate way—the cold chills went creeping along my spine at the very idea. Some American would kill me."

"Where do I sleep? I finally asked the porter, compelled at last to display my ignorance."

"That black man looked at me a minute, his eyes getting bigger and whiter all the time and his mouth spread so much I was alarmed. He took my check."

"Number fo'teen," said he, "right-hand side, uppah."

"Thanking him apologetically, I went carefully among the curtains until I came to one with a card hanging in front of it with my number. I had heard that Americans usually undressed and went to bed just as if they were at home; but I saw no place to sit down to pull off my boots and I am a little modest anyhow and so I thought I'd just lie down as I was. Pulling my curtains aside, I nearly fainted when I discovered a lady in my berth. She discovered me at the same time and gave a yell that awoke everybody in the car but the man who snored. You could hear him blowing away more distinctly in the painful silence of the moment. At that time I heard the prolonged ring of an alarm bell in the porter's room. That individual came shuffling down the aisle among the tousled heads that were sticking out here and there and wanted to know what was the matter."

"Oh, say, porter," said I, "I don't understand this—here's a lady in my berth."

"Yo' berth is uppah, sah, I said

uppah." The porter explained and he showed me a shelf with a bed on it right above the lady.

"Dear me!" said I, quite innocently. "I never saw one before, and you'll pardon me, I'm sure." I heard more giggling and sniffling along the aisle, while I was a trifle embarrassed, you know. The lady I had disturbed laughed pleasantly and forgave me courteously.

"How am I to get up there, porter?"

"Clime, sah, clime," replied the black.

"Step right on my bed," said the lady.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, as I hoisted myself up: "If the Britisher hasn't gone to bed with his boo's on!"

"Everybody was now laughing at my expense, you know, and, to tell the truth, I was so much amused at my adventure I could hardly refrain from laughing myself."—Washington Post.

PREFERRED THE WHISTLE.

Cupid was flying irregularly between them, so to speak, as they were strolling along. He was feeling a good deal like a man going past a cemetery, and was whistling.

"I wish you wouldn't whistle," she said pettishly. "It is positively rude!"

He looked at her a moment and stopped. Then he began to sing softly. He sang for a few minutes.

"Harry!" she said, almost tenderly. His face lighted up with hope. "Please whistle!" she requested pleadingly.—Demorest.

NOTICE.

Any County or Sub-Alliance wishing to employ a good lecturer, one who has no superior in the State can do so by writing to me. The expenses and a small compensation for services will have to be paid.

Fraternally,
W. S. BARNES,
Sec'y-Treas. N. C. F. S. A.

NOTICE.

Parties inviting any of the officers of the Alliance to make an address, are expected to pay expenses of the same. The State Alliance cannot pay the expenses of any one except when doing regular work. The brethren will please note this and arrange matters accordingly.

W. S. BARNES,
Sec'y-Treas. N. C. F. S. A.

NOTICE.

The sixth annual meeting of the Tobacco Association of the State will meet at Morehead City on the 5th of July, 1892. The leading subject that will come before it will be "The tobacco exhibit to be made at the World's Fair," the success of which every farmer, manufacturer and dealer is interested, looking to this end. It is earnestly requested that each County Alliance, through the tobacco section of the State and one or more delegates to this convention. They will be entitled to the reduced rates of transportation and board that is given the Tobacco Association. The next Governor of North Carolina, Hon. Elias Carr, will be with us, besides other men. Send me names of delegates.

JOHN S. LOCKHART,
(821) Pres't Ass'n, Durham, N. C.

NOTICE.

All communications intended for the Executive Committee of the State Alliance of North Carolina should be addressed to Capt. S. B. Alexander, Chairman, Raleigh, N. C., care of W